

The Meeting.

It is night in the quiet garden
lit by a waning moon,
The cedar stands like a 'warden
Of the wide-flung wealth of June,
O'night! so beloved of lovers,
What secrets thou hast known!
What fragrance round thee hovers
From the faded years long flown!

A dark form stands by the cedar,
Deep in the shade is he,
Full long has he been a pleader
For the meeting soon to be,
He watches the open casement
— The ladder is there in place —
And waits, in his dim effacement,
For the long-deferred embrace.